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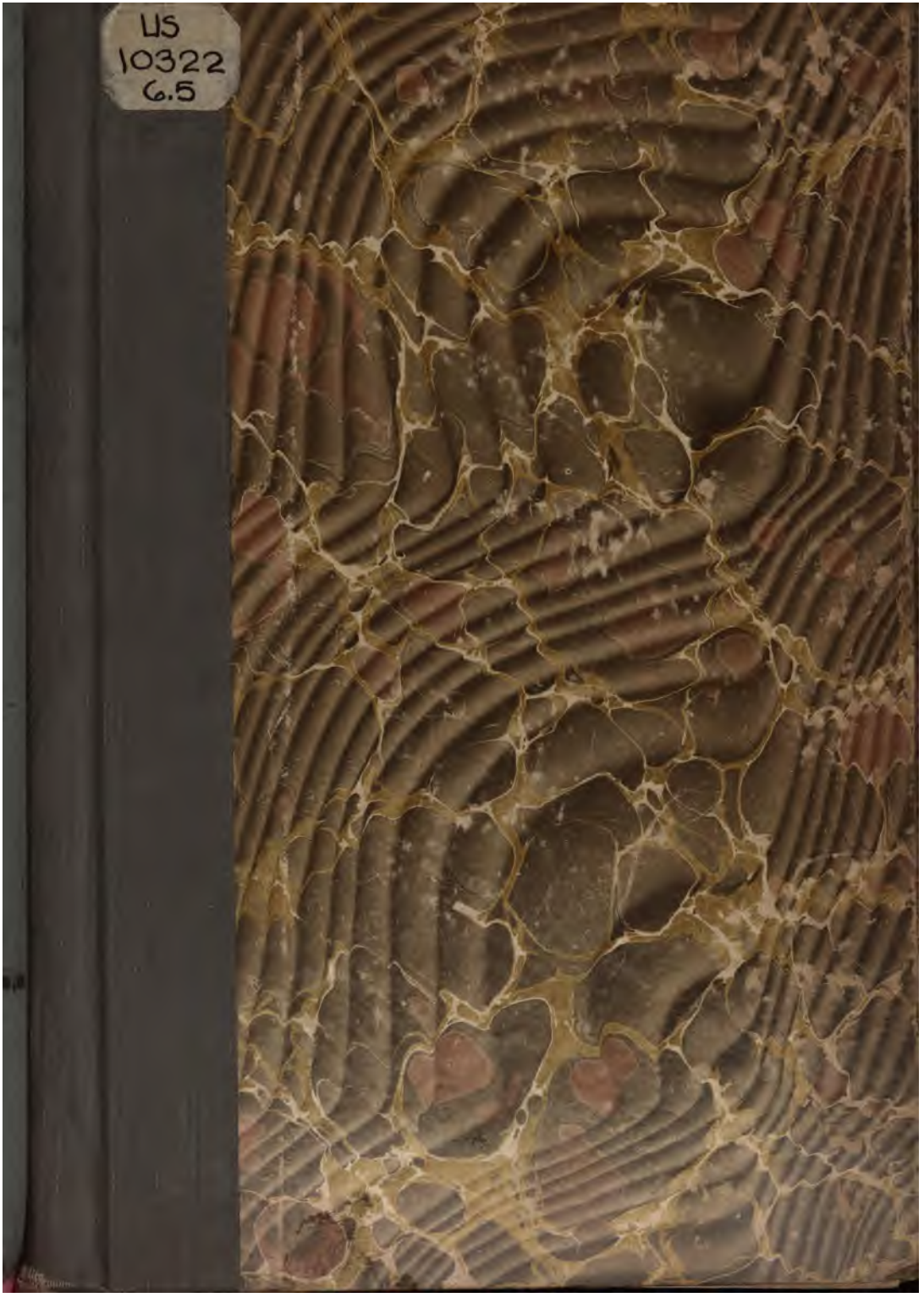

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THE MOKI SNAKE DANCE

The Moki Snake Dance

A popular account of that unparalleled dramatic pagan ceremony of the Pueblo Indians of Tusayan, Arizona, with incidental mention of their life and customs.

BY WALTER HOUGH, PH. D.

Sixty-four Half-tone Illustrations from Special Photographs.

THIRTY-SECOND THOUSAND.

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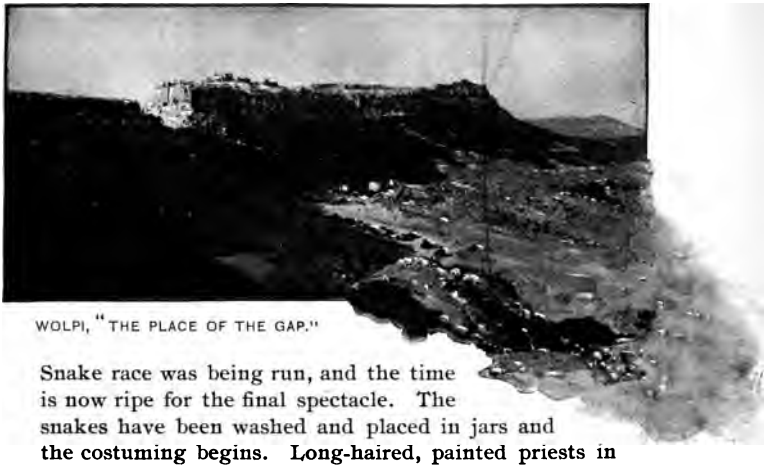
DANCE ROCK WOLPI.

RACER.

JUST at the dawn of an August morning groups of eager watchers sit along the precipitous cliffs or slopes of a mesa bearing on its crest a Moki village. All faces are turned in one direction; the gray light becomes many-hued before the near approach of the sun. A murmur passes through the crowd; in the distance a number of dark forms are seen running toward the mesa; nearer they come, pursued by boys and girls with wands of cornstalk, and run up the tortuous trail as though on level ground. As the sun appears above the eastern horizon the winner passes over the roof of the Snake *kiva* and the day of the Snake dance has begun with the Snake race. The runners deposit the melon vines, corn and other products they have carried from the fields, and the panting victor gets for his prize the glory of winning. As in the Greek games, the Mokis honor the swift runner.

As the day wears on the interest centers in the *kivas*, where swarthy priests are bringing to a close the mysterious rites begun days before, when the astronomer Sun priest had directed the town crier to announce the commencement of the ceremony. Since that time the priests had descended into the *kiva*, and a fleet runner had each day carried plumed prayer-sticks to the distant springs and shrines. Four days to the north, west, south and east snakes had been hunted. Then came the Antelope dance on the evening before the Snake dance; the sixteen songs and drama were enacted in the *kiva* while the



WOLPI, "THE PLACE OF THE GAP."

Snake race was being run, and the time is now ripe for the final spectacle. The snakes have been washed and placed in jars and the costuming begins. Long-haired, painted priests in scanty attire emerge from the *kivas* and go on various errands. Visitors and Mokis examine one another with mutual curiosity; the children are having a jolly time, for the Snake dance comes in their village but once in two years, and white visitors are sure to bring candy to put a climax to the stuffing of new corn, melons and other good things of August.

Other dances of the Mokis are more pleasing, as the Kachina dances, with their mirth and music, or the Flute dance, full of color and ceremony, but the Snake dance attracts with a potent fascination. One gets so interested in the progress of the dance that the anticipated element of horror does not appear amid the rhythmic movement and tragic gestures of the dancers with here and there the sinuous undulation of a venomous rattlesnake. Along the sky-line of the houses and on every available foothold and standing place are spectators. At Wolpi, the top of the mushroom-shaped rock is a favorite seat. The crowd is hardly less interesting than the dancers. Everyone, except the white visitor, is in gala costume, Moki and Navajo vying in gaudy colors. The Moki maidens have their hair done

up in great whorls of shining blackness at the sides of their heads. The women, who have brushed away the evidences of preparation for the feast to follow the dance, now appear at their best, and the children dash around, consuming unlimited slices of watermelon. Mormons, be-pistoled cowboys, prospectors, army officers, teachers from the schools, scientists, photographers, and tourists in the modern costume suitable for camp life, mingle with the Indian spectators in motley confusion. Not less than one hundred white people witnessed the Snake dance at Wolpi in 1897. Each year there is a larger attendance.

If the visitor will look around he will see that at one side of the dance plaza there is a bower of green cottonwood branches, the *kisi*, where the snakes are to be kept in readiness during the dance. The descending sun casts a long shadow eastward from the *kisi* when a priest enters the plaza with a bag containing the reptiles and quickly disappears among the branches. This is the man who hands the snakes out to the dancers through a small opening in the

MOKI CHILDREN.

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ANTELOPE PRIEST.

front of the *kisi*. The expectancy now is intense. All eyes are fixed in the direction from which the priests will appear. The sun sinks lower and the evening colors steal into the landscape, but no one notices them.

"Here they come!" The grand entry of the Antelope priests causes a sensation. With bare feet, and their semi-nude bodies streaked with white paint; a band of white on the chin from mouth to ear, rattles of tortoise shell tied to the knee, embroidered kilts of white cotton fastened around the loins, necklaces of shell and turquoise, and fox skins hanging behind from the belt, these priests present a startling though not unattractive appearance. At the head of the file comes the Antelope Chief bearing his *tiponi* or sacred badge across his left arm. Next comes the bearer of the medicine bowl. All the other priests carry a small rattle in either hand. With stately mien, and looking to neither right nor left, the Antelope priests pass four times around the plaza to the left, each sprinkling sacred meal and stamping violently upon the plank in the ground in front of the *kisi*. The hole in the middle of the plank is the opening into the under-world and the dancers stamp upon it to inform the spirits of their ancestors that a ceremony is in progress. Fortunate is the man who breaks the board with his foot! When the circuit is made, the Antelope priests line up in front of the *kisi* facing outward; there is a hush and the Snake priests enter.

The grand entry of the Snake priests is dramatic to the last degree. With majestic strides they hasten into the plaza, every attitude full of energy and fierce determined purpose. The costume of the priests of the sister society of Antelopes is gay in comparison with that of the Snake priests. Their bodies rubbed with red paint, their chins blackened and outlined with a white stripe, their dark red kilts and moccasins, their barbaric ornaments, give the Snake priests a most somber and diabolical appearance. Around the plaza, by a wider circuit than the Antelopes, they go striking the *sipapu* plank with the foot and fiercely leaping upon it with wild gestures. Four times the circuit is made; then a line is formed facing the line of the Antelopes, who cease shaking their rattles which simulate the warning note of the rattlesnake. A moment's pause and the rattles begin again and a deep humming chant accompanies them. The priests sway from side

FLUTE DANCE, ORAIBI. *Higgins, photo*

to side, sweeping their eagle-feather snake whips toward the ground; the song grows louder and the lines sway backward and forward toward each other like two long, undulating serpents. The bearer of the medicine walks back and forth between the lines and sprinkles the charm liquid to the compass points.

All at once the Snake line breaks up into groups of three, composed of the "carrier" and two attendants. The song becomes more animated and the groups dance, or rather hop, around in a circle in front of the *kisi*, one attendant (the "hugger") placing his arm over the shoulder of the "carrier" and the other (the "gatherer") walking behind. In all this stir and excitement it has been rather difficult to see why the "carrier" dropped on his knees in front of the *kisi;* a moment later he is seen to rise with a squirming snake, which he places midway in his mouth, and the trio dance around the circle, followed by other trios bearing hideous snakes. The "hugger" waves his feather wand before the snake to attract its attention, but the reptile inquiringly thrusts its head against the "carrier's" breast and cheeks and twists its body into knots and coils. On come the demoniacal groups, to music now deep and resonant and now rising to a frenzied pitch, accompanied by the unceasing sibilant rattles of the Antelope chorus. Four times around and the "carrier" opens his mouth and drops the snake to the ground

SPECTATORS WOLPI.

KACHINA DANCERS.

and the "gatherer" dextrously picks it up, adding in the same manner from time to time other snakes, till he may have quite a bundle composed of rattlesnakes, bull snakes and arrow snakes. The bull snakes are large and showy, and impressive out of proportion to their harmfulness. When all the snakes have been duly danced around the ring, and the nerve tension is at its highest pitch, there is a pause; the old priest advances to an open place and sprinkles sacred meal on the ground, outlining a ring with the six compass points, while the Snake priests gather around. At a given signal the snakes are thrown on the meal drawing and a wild scramble for them ensues, amid a rain of spittle from the spectators on the walls above. Only an instant and the priests start up, each with one or more snakes; away they dart for the trail to carry the rain-bringing messengers to their native hiding places. They dash down the mesa and reappear far out on the trails below, running like the wind with their grewsome burdens. The Antelope priests next march gravely around the plaza four times, thumping the sunken plank, and file out to their *kiva*. The ceremony is done.

Stay! there is another scene in this drama which may seem a fitting

NAVAJO SPECTATOR.

termination. Whoever wishes may go to look on, but not everyone goes. The Snake priests return, go to the *kiva* and remove all their trappings, come out to the edge of the cliff where the medicine women have brought great bowls of a dark liquid brewed in secrecy and mystery. No one knows the herbs and spells in this liquid but Salako of Wolpi, the head Snake woman of the Moki pueblos. The priests drink of the medicine; in about forty-five seconds it sees the light of day again. They repeat the operation, and so goes on a scene that beggars description. Even scientific equanimity cannot observe without qualms that this is a purification ceremony, carried out by the priests with the ruthlessness of devotion. This feature of the dance, however, will never become popular. Various explanations of the purpose of the medicine have been current. It has been supposed, among others, to be the antidote for the venom of the rattlesnake. Probably it is only for ceremonial purification; at any rate it is a good preparation for the great feast following the dance.

For this feast fair maidens and trim women come bearing trays of gala bread, well cooked meat, corn pudding and other dainties and substantials in profusion. That night there is feasting and every Moki gets what the cowboys call a "mortal gorge." Next day and the day following the boys and girls have great sport in the pueblos. A young man will take a ribbon, a piece of

DANCE ROCK AND KISI.

MOKI GIRLS. *Hillers, photo.*

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ANTELOPE CIRCUIT, ORAIBI.

pottery or any other object and appear on the house-tops or street, only to be set upon and chased by the girls bent on securing the prize.

Many questions suggest themselves to everyone who witnesses the Snake dance. Some do not seem to be very easy to answer, and some are those which, perhaps, the wisest and most lore-learned priest cannot answer now after the lapse of centuries since the ceremony began. Still, most of us can leave them for the scientists to pore over. What everyone wants to know

Vroman, photo.

CIRCUIT OF ANTELOPE PRIESTS, WOLPI.

is whether the snakes are drugged or have their fangs removed, and, if not, whether they ever bite their captors. Men who have attended as many as ten dances in various Moki pueblos say that they have never seen a dancer bitten by a poisonous snake, while others have seen a reptile strike or perhaps fasten upon the hand of a dancer and require to be shaken off. In the present state of the question everyone must judge for himself. One thing is very certain, the Mokis are extremely careful with a poisonous snake. At Wolpi, in 1897, two

ENTRANCE OF SNAKE PRIESTS, WOLPI. *Vroman, photo.*

large rattlesnakes, which from their age had perhaps been danced around the ring before, coiled together and for a time refused to move, almost breaking up the performance. An experienced snake driver at length succeeded in making them uncoil, when they were easily picked up. This is thought to be the secret of handling the rattlesnake; never to handle him when he is coiled, for it is said that this serpent cannot strike without

coiling. Then, too, the snakes may have been somewhat subjugated by their bewildering treatment, since they were dragged from their haunts by naked men armed with hoes and sticks, thrust with other snakes into a bag and brought to the *kivas*, and afterward washed and uncivilly flung about.

The Snake dance is exciting enough, but the two or three men who have witnessed the sinister rites called "snake washing" in the dark *kiva* tell a story which makes the blood curdle. Doctor Fewkes relates this experience as follows:

"The Snake priests, who stood by the snake jars which were in the east corner of the room, began to take out the reptiles, and stood holding several of them in their hands behind Su-pe-la, so that my attention was distracted by them. Su-pe-la then prayed, and after a short interval two rattlesnakes were handed him, after which other venomous snakes were passed to the others, and each of the six priests who sat around the bowl held two rattlesnakes by the necks with their heads elevated above the bowl. A low noise from the rattles of the priests,

CIRCUIT OF SNAKE PRIESTS, WOLPI.

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ANTELOPES IN LINE, ORAIBI.

which shortly after was accompanied by a melodious hum by all present, then began. The priests who held the snakes beat time up and down above the liquid with the reptiles, which, although not vicious, wound their bodies around the arms of the holders. The song went on and frequently changed, growing louder and wilder, until it burst forth into a fierce, blood-curdling yell, or war-cry. At this moment the heads of the snakes were thrust several times into the liquid, so that even parts of their bodies were submerged, and were then drawn out, not having left the hands of the priests, and forcibly thrown across the room upon the sand mosaic, knocking down the crooks and other objects placed about it. As they fell on the sand picture three Snake priests stood in readiness, and while the reptiles squirmed about or coiled for defense, these men with their snake whips brushed them back and forth in the sand of the altar. The excitement which accompanied this ceremony cannot be adequately described. The low song, breaking into piercing shrieks, the red-stained singers, the snakes thrown by the chiefs, and the fierce attitudes of the reptiles as they landed on the sand mosaic, made it next to impossible to sit calmly down and quietly

LINE-UP BEFORE KISI, WOLPI.

note the events which followed one after another in quick succession. The sight haunted me for weeks afterwards, and I can never forget this wildest of all the aboriginal rites of this strange people, which showed no element of our present civilization. It was a performance which might have been expected in the heart of Africa rather than in the American Union, and certainly one could not realize that he was in the United States at the end of the nineteenth century. The low weird song continued while other rattlesnakes were taken in the hands of the priests, and as the song rose again to the wild war-cry, these snakes were also plunged into the liquid and thrown upon the writhing mass which now occupied the place of the altar. Again and again this was repeated until all the snakes had been treated in the same way, and reptiles, fetiches, crooks and sand were mixed together in one confused mass. As the excitement subsided and the snakes crawled to the corners of the *kiva*, seeking vainly for protection, they were again pushed back in the mass, and brushed together in the sand in order that their

bodies might be thoroughly dried. Every snake in the collection was thus washed, the harmless varieties being bathed after the venomous. In the destruction of the altar by the reptiles the snake *ti-po-ni* stood upright until all had been washed, and then one of the priests turned it on its side, as a sign that the observance had ended. The low, weird song of the Snake men continued, and gradually died away until there was no sound but the warning rattle of the snakes, mingled with that of the rattles in the hands of the chiefs, and finally the motion of the snake whips ceased, and all was silent."*

CHANTING BEFORE KISI, WOLPI. *Vroman, photo.*

The Mokis have an antidote for snake bite made from the root of a plant called by botanists *Gaura parviflora*. They do not know the white man's fiery antidote and panacea, but expert opinion declares that one remedy is as good as the other. Snakes are scarce in Tusayan, although they seem plentiful at the Snake dances. Still,

*The Snake Ceremony at Wolpi, Jour. Am. Eth. & Arch., Vol. IV, pp. 84, 85.

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FACE VIEW, SNAKE PRIESTS, ORAIBI.

it requires four days of vigilant search to the four points of the compass to procure enough. Some years ago, a Wolpi farmer, while in his cornfield, was bitten on the hand by a rattlesnake, and the combined efforts of the Indian doctors and some white people who happened to be near by were applied for his relief. After a great deal of suffering he recovered. Soon after, the Snake Society informed him that he must become a Snake priest, because he was favored by the rattlesnake. Perhaps Intiwa, for that was his name, did

CHANTING BEFORE KISI, ORAIBI. *Maude, photo.*

TRIO OF DANCERS.

not see where the favor came in, but he was duly installed as a member of the Society.

Turning now from this strange, nerve-wrenching scene, which many have crossed the mysterious Painted Desert north of the Little Colorado river to witness, some general account of the Mokis should be interesting. Perched upon high, warm-tinted sandstone mesas, narrow like the decks of great Atlantic liners, are their clustered dwellings, scarcely to be distinguished from the living rock upon which they rest. High up above the plain, viewing from all sides an almost illimitable distance, basking in the brilliant sunshine from sunrise to sunset, bathed in the pure, life-giving air, the Mokis, or "good people,"* as they delight to call themselves, must feel freedom in its truest sense. Here is isolation. In the long centuries the Mokis have dwelt here they have had few visitors. The all-venturing Spaniards, in their sixteenth century quest for the mythical doorposts of gold set with jewels, were way-weary long before their toilsome journey brought them to the base of the giant mesas. In this semi-desert, far out of the trail traveled by friends and foes, the Mokis found the desired

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DANCERS, ORAIBI.

*The name by which these people are known among themselves is *Hopi*, whose signification is as stated. *Moki* is a derisive name, originally applied by outsiders, which unfortunately seems fated to stick.

seclusion and peace after the harrying of the Apache and Ute, whose hand was against every man.

Perhaps the word mysterious as applied to the desert may need explanation to city-dwellers and those who are accustomed to limited horizons. In the desert a new sensation comes to those who have exhausted the repertory of sensations at the end of a rapid century. In the desert the desert is supreme. The sense of freedom and exhilaration, which everyone must feel, is personal; the desert is titanic; gradually it compels awe and wonder. A feeling

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THE DANCE, ORAIBI.

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of vastness, almost infinity, dawns in the mind with an impression of mystery. Here thousands of square miles stretch in iridescent beauty to the violet horizon or to the velvety blue mountains; nearer stand the strange forms of the volcanic buttes; across the sand plain the purple cloud shadows float, attended by the tawny sand whirlwinds; a distant thunderstorm marches along, dwarfed in all its energy to a small part of the scene. The morning and evening reveal new

coloring and beauty beyond the power of pen or pencil to depict. With the night new experiences come in the desert. In the clear air of Tusayan myriads of stars are revealed. It is not often the good fortune of the astronomer to enjoy such skies for observation. Stars of low magnitude, rarely seen elsewhere, are easily found in the night heavens of Tusayan. It may seem like romancing, but it is true, the powdery, misty starlight is strong enough to admit of reading the dial of a watch and to distinguish the outline of mesas and buttes miles away. Then the silence of the night is overpowering. Not a cricket chirps and no animal disturbs the almost oppressive silence.

When the *conquistadores* came to Tusayan, some three hundred and fifty years ago, they found the Mokis high up on the mesas, but not on the rocky tops where the towns are now built. This meeting of the Conquerors

THE DANCE, WOLPI. *Vroman, photo.*

FOOD BRINGING. *Voth, photo.*

and the Mokis has always seemed a picturesque subject. The Spaniards recorded their experiences and the Mokis relate the traditions of the experiences of their forefathers passed along by word of mouth, accurate as if written down. Beneath the town then perched on the higher slope of the Wolpi mesa, came a band of horsemen, some clad in armor and warlike trappings badly damaged and battered by wear and tear, but impressive to the Indian, who for the first time saw the white man. Perhaps the Mokis were not very friendly. The warrior priest strode down the trail followed by his band and drew a line of sacred meal across the path to the town, over which, according to immemorial custom, no one might come with impunity. This "dead line" brought death instead to the Mokis. At the fire of the dreadful guns they fled up the narrow trail to refuge. The Spaniards dared not follow up the rocky way, but camped for the night by a spring. In the morning the timorous Mokis came down with presents of food and woven stuffs. This is the first picture of the Mokis of Wolpi, who were thus introduced to the proud Castilian, bent on reaching new lands to despoil. Later came a new company, bringing priests to turn the peaceful people from their native superstitions. When the town of Wolpi burst upon their view it was a new town, built on the highest summit of the mesa! The timid people had moved up from the lower point, taking with them house beams, stones, and every other portion of their dwellings. The trails were rendered inaccessible and the

people ascended and descended by a movable ladder. Still they received the priests and submitted to the enforced labor of building a church, carrying, with infinite toil, beams of cottonwood from the Little Colorado. Many of these carved beams now support the roofs of the pagan *kivas*. Later, when the oppression grew too great, the Mokis committed one of the few overt acts which may be charged against them. They threw the "long gowns," as they called the friars, over the cliffs, and cut loose once for all from the foreign religion. This ended the contact of the whites with the Mokis for long years until, at last, the Government took them under its protection.

But the Moki had immemorial enemies, as has been hinted. The Apache, who centuries ago came out of the high north, a rude and fierce being, incapable of high things, is responsible for the acropolis towns all along the trails by which the Moki clans came to Tusayan. The history of the wanderings of the Moki to this land of scant promise would be interesting if all the threads

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SNAKES, IN KIVA.

Maude, photo.
TIPONI.

could be gathered together. The story goes somewhat in this fashion: Long ago — how long one may guess as well as another and get as near to it as the Mokis, who say it was "very, very when" — groups of Indians belonging to the great Uto-Aztecan stock and other pueblo stocks lived over all this region. The limits of this vast region are more accurately found in the States of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona and reach over into Mexico. This ruin-strewn expanse tells the story of many wanderings and movings about, through the forgotten years, before the pueblo peoples were settled in the places where the white man found them. The remains of ancient monarchies are, perhaps, more interesting from their connection with the world's history, but there is a fascination also in the leveled cities of the Southwest, under which lie the rude records of the ancients of the New World. In the course of time and through various vicissitudes of war, famine or disease, some of these groups were broken up and the survivors forced to seek refuge in other tribes of their kin. This has been going on for millenniums. The organization of these tribes was rather loose, and consisted of clans which are made up of those related by blood; marriages were, as they are now, prohibited between members of the same clan. This was another cause of mixture. So it happened that in our deserts there was a wandering of the ancient people like that of the chosen people, but their simple clothing waxed old, their towns waxed old, and their mother corn only blessed them by hard labor. It would seem at the first glance that some great unrest filled the

WOLPI, FROM BELOW. *Hillers, photo.*

breasts of the ancient pueblo dwellers and forced them to forever move on. Ruins without number attest the flux of population over an area in which the countries of the ancients of the Old World would be lost. Still these ruins are not without order; the clans moved along together in those dark ages, so that the ruins are found in groups. Thus if we hark back on the trail by which some of the clans came from the south to Tusayan, the Mogollon Mountains at Chavez Pass will show

TWIN BUTTES AND CLOUDS. *Vroman, photo.*

AN ARIZONA CLOUD EFFECT. *Vroman, photo.*

two large ruins to which Moki tradition gives the name of "the place of the antelopes." Thirty-two miles to the north is the next stopping place, and the clans must have prospered in the valley of the Little Colorado at Winslow, for here are the ruins of five towns, called by those versed in the lore of the past Homolobi, or "the place of the two views." The grand panorama of the Moki buttes seen from "the place of the antelopes" was still visible from Homolobi, though at a lower viewpoint. Long before the *conquistadores* came to ravage the New World, the people of Homolobi had abandoned their towns and taken up their weary journey to Tusayan, where now are seven towns of the "good people." It is interesting to find that in Wolpi different clans live in different sections of the town just as they had camped together in the old days, and in the order in which they came from their desert wandering. This journey of some of the clans of Mokis began much farther away than the two faint points on the dim Mogollones where antelopes range to this day. To say that the Mokis belong by language to the great Uto-Aztecan stock means that in bygone times they were in contact with the Aztecs or may even have been a branch of that far-famed people. Just here, if it might be possible to correct

AN ARIZONA CAMP.

the popular hallucination in reference to the Aztecs, it would be well to say that that mysterious and ever-vanishing people were nothing more nor less than American Indians. In some lines of work the Mokis of Homolobi, for instance, were superior to the Aztecs. Romance and the Aztecs have been sadly mixed up by the writers of a past generation.

The towns of Tusayan are seven. Wolpi, "the place of the gap," named for the deep cut across the mesa on which it is built, is best known. The people are very friendly and are more advanced than the other tribes

PUEBLO OF WOLPI.

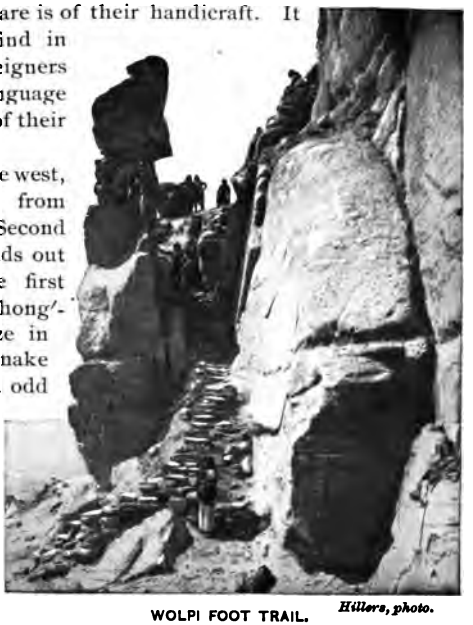
Hillers photo.

There is a school and many families live below the mesa in red-roofed houses. Perhaps in a few years the old pueblo will be abandoned and the quaint customs forgotten.

Next to Wolpi on the east is Si-chom′-ovi, "the mound of flowers," an offshoot of Wolpi — on account of a disagreement, it is thought.

Ha′-no (also known as Te′-wa) is the third village on the First or East Mesa, near the gap. Hano is a village of Tewans who were induced to come from the Rio Grande two centuries ago to assist in defending the peaceful Mokis from the Apaches and Utes. They were located at the head of the easiest trail up the mesa, and on a smooth rock face is an inscription recording a battle in which they vanquished the Utes. These "keepers of the trail" are expert potters, and most of the Moki ware is of their handicraft. It seems strange to find in Tusayan these foreigners still speaking a language different from that of their neighbors.

Seven miles to the west, across the valley from Wolpi, the point of Second or Middle Mesa stands out in silhouette. The first town is called Mi-shong′-inovi, second in size in Tusayan. The Snake dance is held here in odd years, as at Wolpi. At such times the large interior plaza is extremely picturesque. On



WOLPI FOOT TRAIL. *Hillers, photo.*

PUEBLO OF SICHOMOVI. *Hillers, photo.*

PUEBLO OF TEWA (HANO). *Hillers, photo.*

CORN CARRIER.

the east trail to Mishonginovi there is a curious hanging rock forming an arch under which the trail passes.

Back of Mishonginovi is the small town of Shi-paul′-ovi, "the place of the peaches," the most picturesquely located of the Moki pueblos, and with the most elevated situation. Shipaulovi is a comparatively modern town, having been formed by families from Shung o′-pavi since the Spaniards introduced peaches. Here the Snake dance is held in even years, alternating with that of the Flute.

Shungopavi, "the place of the reed grass," is a few miles west of Shipaulovi. Reed grass is prescribed for the mats wound around the ceremonial wedding blankets of white cotton. A small country place of Shungopavi is located at Little Burro Spring, some twelve miles south of the town.

MAIL CARRIER.

Oraibi, with its fifty mile distant little offshoot, Mo″-en-kop′-i, marks the extreme western, as Taos marks the eastern, extent of the pueblo region. Nearly one-half, or about eight hundred, of the Mokis live in Oraibi. The Snake Society at this pueblo, though fewer in numbers than at several of the other towns, gives an interesting performance. The large open plaza where the dance is held offers excellent opportunities for photographing and for viewing the spectacle.

SPINNER.

In the even years visitors to Tusayan may see three Snake dances — those of Oraibi, Shipaulovi, and Shungopavi, unless the dates coincide, which they are unlikely to do. The Province of Tusayan, where the Mokis now live and thrive, is not a total desert waste, although the first impression of those accustomed to green fields and frequent rains is likely to be to the contrary. Drought-defying plants bloom at certain seasons, and fill wide stretches with color. Along the sandy washes, adjacent to the pueblos, which rarely by the good will of the rain gods show a silver glint of water, are corn fields and melon and bean patches, well cared for and jealously guarded by their owners. Internecine war is waged against the freebooting crows, mice, prairie dogs and insects, and woe betide any four-footed marauder that is caught foraging there; he is soon roasted and supplying protoplasm to the Moki organism; except in case of a burro, when his ears are docked in proportion to the magnitude or incorrigibility of his misdeed, to brand him publicly as a thief.

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BASKET-WEAVER.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

On the rocky side of the mesa are thriving peach orchards, perfectly free from blight or insect enemies, and in the proper season loaded down with luscious fruit of which the Mokis are extravagantly fond. A few cottonwoods among the fields, the peach trees, and the cedars along the mesa sides, are all the trees to be seen. These cedar forests are to the Moki towns what a vein of coal is to a civilized town—the fuel supply always getting farther away and harder to reach, because the annual growth of a desert cedar is almost imperceptible. Though veins of coal peep out in many places near the pueblos, the Mokis do not use it, although they seem to have known what coal is long before our wise men settled the question; the native name for it is "rock wood," *koowa*, a word which resembles our word coal. The score or so of fruits, grains and vegetables which the Mokis plant would, in favorable seasons, cause peace and plenty to reign in Tusayan, but Moki history has some sad tales of famine. When the crops fail, the "good people" of necessity fall back on the crops of nature's own sowing in the desert. Old people still gather a plant for greens, which they say has before now preserved the tribe from starvation. Dried bunches of this plant may often be seen ornamenting the rafters of their dwellings, amidst a medley of other curious things. The fare of the pueblo is eked out in ordinary times with edible roots,

SPINNER AND WEAVER.

seeds, berries, and leaves gathered from far and near. The Mokis are practical botanists. No plant has escaped their piercing eyes; they have given them names and found out their good and bad qualities; pressed them into service for food, medicine, religion, basket making and a hundred other uses, from an antidote for snake bites to a hair brush. They are also perforce vegetarians. Oñate, the Conqueror, said slightingly of Zuñi that there were as many rabbits as people around it. Such a condition of things in Tusayan would fill the Moki with joy, for he has the same fondness for rabbit as the negro has for "'possum with coon gravy." Snakes seem to be more plentiful than rabbits, although it takes ardent hunting to catch enough reptiles for the Snake dance. Rats, mice, prairie dogs and an occasional deceased burro or goat vary the menu of the pueblos. The Mokis never eat their dogs, though to do so would be at least putting them to some use.

Centuries ago, when the Mokis lived in the White Mountains and the Mogollones, they must have been hunters. What could have driven them from that paradise of coolness and greenery? There under the giant pines roamed elk, deer, antelope and bear; in the brush were turkey; in the trees birds and squirrels; in the cool streams were trout, and the wild bees furnished delicious honey. There was abundant rain, and in the broad valleys corn could be raised by "dry farming." For

Hillers, photo.

PUEBLO OF MISHONGINOVI.

Hillers, photo.

PUEBLO OF SHIPAULOVI.

DRESS WEAVING. *Maude, photo.*

that Arizonian oasis of flowers and plenty the ancestors of the Moki often must have sighed, but desert and a crust were preferable to the bloodthirsty Apache. This is the history of many an enforced migration.

Now, pursuing the order in which the traveler becomes familiar with the surroundings of the Moki, from the distant approach, when the mesas swim in the mirage with the dim outlines of the cell towns on their crests, to when he encamps by the corn fields and springs at their base, we will next toil up the trail to visit. Far out in the plain the watchful Moki from his high vantage has seen the approach of visitors, and the news flies fast. There will surely be some of the inhabitants to greet the traveler when he arrives, to wonder at his outfit, ask for *piba* and *matchi* (tobacco and matches), run errands and be on the lookout for windfalls of food. If the traveler wishes a washerman, a boy to graze the horses or carry water and wood, or if he wishes to rent a house, he will soon find willing hands and plenty of advisers. *Shiba* (silver) makes things run smoothly here as in civilization. Starting at the altitude of a mile and one-fourth, the climbing of a mesa

DYER. *Voth, photo.*

is somewhat of a task to the unaccustomed. When the fierce sun is high, the climb may have frequent periods of pause, and the natives who run up and down the mesa as though it were a short flight of stairs are objects of envy. But when the ascent is made and one sits in the shade and hospitality of a Moki interior, the exertion is repaid. It is a new and memorable experience.

PUEBLO OF SHUNGOPAVI. *Hillers, photo.*

The nineteenth century civilization, with its tall buildings and bustling crowds, fades away and we are in the ancient past of the southwest wonderland.

The Mokis are almost invariably pleased to have white visitors enter their houses. Most of them invite you in, all smiles and hospitality. In most cases, though, where there is any doubt it is better to say, "*een quaqui*

ORAIBI GIRLS GRINDING CORN. *Tupton, photo.*

ési?" (am I welcome?) which brings a hearty response. The houses have thick walls of flat stone, laid up in mud, plastered inside and out, and are pleasantly cool in the summer. The hard, smooth, plastered floor is the general sitting place, with the interposition of a blanket or sheepskin. The low bench, or ledge, which often runs around the room, is also used as a seat. Perhaps the ceiling will appear strange. The large cottonwood beams with smaller cross-poles backed with brush; above that, grass and a top layer of mud form a very picturesque ceiling and effective roof. From the center of the ceiling hangs a feather tied to a cotton string. This is the soul of the house and the sign of its dedication; no house is without one. Around the walls and from the beams hang all sorts of quaint belongings—painted wooden dolls, bows and arrows, strings of dried herbs and mysterious bundles, likely of trappings for the dances—enough to stock a museum. In well-to-do families the blanket pole, extending across the room, is loaded with their riches in the shape of harness, sashes, blankets and various other valuables. In one corner is a fireplace with hood; sunk in the floor are the corn mills; near by is a large water jar with dipper, and sundry pieces of pottery are scattered about. Usually the

MAKING BREAD (PIKI).

A COURT IN ORAIBI. *Hillers, photo.*

general assembly room is kept clean with the brushes made of grass stems, which serve also for hair brushes betimes. This parlor, sitting room, sleeping room, dining room and mealing room combined, serves nearly every purpose of the family; but there is always a grain room, where the corn is piled in neat rows, and sometimes a room is set apart for baking. The houses are rarely higher than two stories, the upper being set back in terrace style, so that its front door yard is the roof of the lower. The ladders are picturesque; dogs and chickens, as well as people, climb up and down. Stone steps on the partition walls lead to the roofs, and when on top it is possible to wander almost all over the town, as in the Orient. A jar with the bottom knocked out caps the chimney, or a whole stack of jars runs clear up from the lower floor, securely plastered around the joints, making an excellent chimney. Short billets of piñon or cedar are piled up on the walls for firewood, and not a chip or strand of bark is wasted from the family woodpile. From the projecting beam ends and from pegs in the house front hangs

Voth, photo.

ORAIBI WASHERWOMAN.

an old curiosity shop of articles—eagle traps, gourds, hoes, planting sticks, sheep bones, and many other articles that keep one guessing. On the top of a house in Moki-land once was seen a curious structure, having slanting sides formed of bits of boards. On closer examination it was found to be a plow, which the good people at Washington had sent the Mokis, now doing service as a chicken coop. Outside the door by the street is the *pigame* oven, in which green corn pudding is baked, food dear to the Moki heart and acceptable to any white visitor who does not know that the women chew the yeast to ferment the batter. This oven is a pit in the ground two or three feet deep. Before baking, a fire is made in it, and after the walls of the oven are heated the ashes are raked out and the pudding, called *pigame*, is put in and the top covered with a stone on which the fire is kept burning. The pudding is put in the oven at

Maude, photo.

PUEBLO OF ORAIBI.

SICHOMOVI FOOT TRAIL.

nightfall usually, and by morning it is well baked and ready to be wrapped in corn husks for consumption.

A stroll about a Moki town will convince the explorer that there are streets full of "surprises," as we call unexpected nooks and corners in our own houses. Just what the building regulations are no one has yet divulged, but the lay of the ground has much to do with the arrangement. Wolpi is crowded upon the point of a narrow mesa, and some of the houses are perched on the edge of the precipice, their foundation walls going down many feet, the building of which is a piece of adventurous engineering. Many of the towns have passages under the houses leading from one street to another. The stone surface of the street is deeply worn by the bare or moccasined feet of many generations. The trail over the dizzy narrows between Wolpi and Sichomovi is worn like a wagon track in places from four to six inches deep. The end of a ladder sticking up through a hatchway in a low mound slightly above the level of the street marks the way down into an underground

A MESA CLIFFSIDE.

A MOKI INTERIOR. *Vroman, photo.*

room, where strange ceremonies are held. This is a *kiva*, and if we are hardy enough to brave the usual warning to the uninitiated, we may peep down without fear of swelling up and bursting. Perhaps, if there is no ceremony going on, a weaver may be making a blanket on his simple loom; likely it is deserted, dusky and quiet with no suggestion of writhing serpents or naked votaries and weird chanting. All streets lead to the plaza, the center of interest, set apart for the many dances; some solemn and awe-inspiring, some grotesque and amusing; all dramatic in action and marvelous in color. In the center of the plaza is a stone box. This is a shrine, the focus at which all ceremonies center, and beneath it is the opening into the underworld of

POTTERS.

departed ancestors. Around most plazas in Tusayan the houses are built solidly; at Wolpi the dances take place on a narrow shelf above the dizzy sandstone cliffs; at Oraibi one side of the plaza where the Snake dance is enacted is open and the distant San Francisco mountains stand plainly on the horizon.

Outside the town there is also something to see. The general ash pile with its stray burro engaged in a hopeless task of finding something to eat is passed by, and one looks down over the brow of the mesa at the corrals among the rocks on a narrow ledge crowded with bleating sheep and goats. The trails wind down the mesa, across the fields, and are lost in the country lying spread out below like a map. Under the rocks a woman is digging out clay for pottery, other women are toiling up with jars of water from the springs, while on the steep slope among the jagged fragments of stone is perhaps the last resting place of the inhabitants, strewn with bits of pottery. The springs in Tusayan come out near the base of the mesas, and the labor of carrying water up some 600 feet by means of the female beast of burden puts water at a premium. It is a blessing that the dry, searching air of the elevated region, and the fierce sun, do not render bathing an actual necessity. Most of the springs yield little water, so that a large party

Maude, photo.

A MOKI FAMILY.

AN ORAIBI GIRL.

of visitors with horses camping about a pueblo will give rise to fears of a water famine. Placed on the borders of every spring, down close to the water, may be seen short painted sticks with feather plumes — prayer offerings to the gods for a continued supply of the precious fluid, the scarcity of which from clouds or springs has had to do with the origin of many ceremonies in the Southwest. The lack of water even fills in a large part of the conversation of white visitors in this dry country, taking the place of the weather, which is unlikely to change.

Let us follow up the trail again after the toiling water carriers, returning from the general meeting and gossiping place, the spring. Let no one think that there has been a lack of company in the course of these wanderings. There are the children first, last and all the time, all pervading, timid, but made bold by the prospect of sweets. It is amusing to see a little tot come hesitatingly as near as he dares to a white visitor, and say, "Hel-lo ken-te" (candy). Unclad before three or four years of age, the little ones look like animated bronzes — "fried cupids," one amused onlooker has termed them. The older girls have general charge of the young ones, and carry them about pick-a-back; sometimes it is difficult to tell whether the carrier or

A MISHONGINOVI GIRL.

the carried is the larger. The children are good, and seem never to need correction, and anyone can see with half an eye that the Mokis love their little ones. They never are so flattered as when attention is paid to the children. Do this with an admiring look, accompanied by the word "*Lo'-lomai*" (good, excellent, pretty), and the parental heart is won. When the rains fill the rock basins on the mesa, these youngsters have a famous time bathing, squirming like tadpoles in the pools, splashing and chasing each other. The Moki childlife must be a uniformly happy one, except in the season of green things, when they are allowed to eat without limit. The statistics of highest mortality must coincide with the time of watermelons, which are never too unripe to eat. Dogs, chickens and burros also add to the picturesqueness of a Moki village. The burros have the run of the town, and furnish amusement for the children. When providence or luck has prevented a burro from stealing corn, his ears have a normal, if not graceful length. Few there are, though, that have not paid penalty by the loss of one or both of these appendages. Chickens and dogs are a sorry lot. The latter lie in the corners and shady places, and only become animate and vocal at night, with true coyote instinct.

A MISHONGINOVI WOMAN.

SNAKE KIVA, ORAIBI.

A shrill whistle denotes that some Moki is the fortunate possessor of an eagle to supply him with the prized feathers for ceremonials. The man who is opulent enough to keep a turkey also has feathers for the gathering. Women go about on various errands or pay visits in which gossip bears a large share. Many a pair of dark eyes peep out from the light-hole in the walls of the houses, or a maiden with hair done up in whorls takes a modest glance at the strangers. The weird, high-pitched songs of the corn grinders, and the rumble of the mealing-stones, are familiar sounds in a Moki village. If you see a woman or maiden with face powdered with corn flour, it means that she has been busy grinding in the hopper-like mills sunken in the floor of every house,— and very hard labor it is. Most of the able-bodied men are in the fields if the time is summer, that is if no ceremony is going on — a rare contingency. Moki men are not afraid of work. From youth until the time when they are enrolled in the class of the lame, halt and blind, they do their share for the support of the clan. Not averse to soothing the baby as his white brother sometimes may be, his domestic habits will not take him so far as to do women's work. Since the time when his sweetheart combed his raven locks in sign of betrothal, and he

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ANTELOPE ALTAR IN KIVA.

had woven the wedding blanket, and the simple marriage forms were observed, the traditional division of labor has not been transgressed. Man's work and woman's work are portioned off by the laws of unalterable custom. The division seems fair as to the amount of labor. A popular illusion that the Indian makes his wife do all the work is dispelled here, as another, that Indians are always gruff and taciturn, will vanish after a quarter of an hour's acquaintance with the jovial, laughing Mokis. The house belongs to the woman, and it is proper that she should do the labor connected with it, grind the corn, carry the water, do the cooking, keep the house tidy, and mind the baby. Fortunately, Moki babies do not long require much attention; they soon take care of themselves under the general supervision of the older children. The young boys, perhaps, with bow in hand, go to the field with the men, for here is where man's work comes in under the broiling sun, preparing the ground, planting the crops, hoeing, keeping off the crows, prairie dogs, mice and insects, setting up breaks against the wind or sudden rush of water, gathering the crops and bringing them to the house on the mesa. He brings wood chopped from the piñons and cedars several miles away, and hustles generally to supply the family. If he has horses and a wagon by the bounty of *Wasintona*, he may get odd jobs of hauling, which bring him in money for sugar, coffee and white

Voth, photo.

WOMEN'S DANCE, ORAIBI.

THIEF BURRO.

man's flour, purchasable from the trader. Besides their customary work, some of the women have other occupations. At the East Mesa she may be a potter, at the Middle Mesa or Oraibi a basket maker, but never a weaver, for that, strangely enough, is man's work. In the quiet of her house the basket maker is busy, for are not many *Pahanas* coming to the Snake dance? Sugar and baking powder for the feast may depend on the sales of baskets. Around her on the floor are gay colored splints of yucca leaf, dyed with the evanescent aniline colors introduced by the traders. Some of the strips are being moistened in a bed of damp sand, from which they are taken to be sewn through and over, covering the coil of grass with geometric designs. The needle is really an awl; now of iron, formerly of bone. At Oraibi, where one of the three Snake dances held in Tusayan in the even years occurs, painted baskets of wicker are made. They are very decorative. The potter also plies her craft for the advent of the white man. The clay has been gathered, prepared, and made into vessels of forms tempting to the visitor, painted and burned at the foot of the mesa so that the villainous smoke will not choke everyone. Her wares are quaint and not half bad. Nampeo, at Hano, is the best potter in all Moki-land.

Of course little figures have to be carved from cotton-wood, painted and garnished to resemble the numerous divinities of the Mokis who take part in the ceremonies. Men and women make them for their children, who thus get kindergarten instruction on the appearance of the inhabitants of the spiritual world. These "dolls" can often be bought; they are among the most curious souvenirs of the Moki. The weaver, too, spends his odd times in weaving the far-famed blankets of wool,

dyed blue with sunflower seeds. He knows well the way to weave pretty diaper patterns which remind one of French worsted designs. The blankets are serviceable to the last degree and in the loose garment of the women will, perhaps, endure a whole generation. Belts of bright colored yarns, embroidered kilts of cotton and embroidered woolen sashes are *chef-d'œuvres* of the weaver.

The light side of life is uppermost in Moki-land. The disposition of the Moki is to make work a sport, necessity a pleasure and to have a laugh or joke ready in an instant. This is the home of song makers; the singing of the men at work, of the mother to her babe, of the corn grinders, of the priests in assembly chamber or in the *kiva*-vault, constantly ripples forth. There is no need for songs of the day; love songs, lullabys, war songs, hunting songs, songs secular and religious give variety in plenty. The dark side exists, to be sure, but the Mokis are so like children that a smile lurks just behind a sorrow. The seriousness and gravity with which the ceremonials are conducted is very impressive, and no one who has seen the Snake dance will fail to note that the Moki can be grave at times. Telling stories is one of the amusements of winter around the fireside. Until the ground is frozen it is dangerous to relate the deeds of the ancients: then they have gone away and will not overhear to the harm of the story-teller. Rabbit hunting is another favorite amusement, and parties of young men often do more hard work in one day thus than in a month otherwise with few results to show of "long ears" slain by the curved boomerang. In the proper season berrying parties go out for a day's picnic; the Mokis enjoy traveling, and a journey of fifteen or twenty miles to a berry patch and back is not thought anything out of common. When the green corn comes then the Moki lives bountifully. Tall columns of white steam arising in the cornfields at early

morning invite to a feast of roast corn taken from the newly opened pit-oven. Then there is feasting while the ears are hot and jollity reigns. One thing will strike the visitor as curious: the Mokis do not gamble or drink fire-water, even when they have an opportunity. They do like tobacco, though, and the visitor who smokes will do well to lay in an extra supply, for after the first greeting, "*piti*," the next query will be "*piba*" (tobacco), followed by "*matchi*" (matches), and a friendly smoke council is held then and there.

The Mokis are the best entertained people in the world. A round of ceremonies, each terminating in the pageants called "dances," keeps going pretty continuously the whole year. The theaters and other shows in the closely built pueblos of the white man fall far short of entertaining all the people, as do the Moki shows. Then the Moki spectacles are free. The scheme of having a gatekeeper on the trails to demand an entrance fee, while it has great possibilities, has never entered the Moki mind. This, too, for a good reason. These ceremonies are religious and make up the complicated worship of the people of Tusayan. Even a visitor bent on sightseeing alone will be impressed with the seriousness of the Indian dancers and the evidence of deep feeling—perhaps it should be called devotion—in the onlookers. Not only in the somber Snake dance, but in every other ceremony of Tusayan the actors are inspired by one purpose and that is to persuade the gods to give rain and abundant crops. So the birds that fly, the reptiles that creep, are made messengers to the great nature gods with petitions, and the different ancestors and people in the underworld are notified that the ceremony is going on that they too may give their aid. The amount of detail connected with the observance of one of the ceremonies is almost beyond belief, and being carried on in the dark *kivas* has rarely been witnessed by others

than the initiated priests. Thus the many observances which come around from time to time in two years are quite a tax on the memory of the adepts.

A TEWA GIRL.

The ceremonial year of the Moki is divided equally by two great events, the departure of the *kachinas* in August and their arrival in December. The *kachinas* are the spirits of the ancestors whose special pleasure it is to watch over Tusayan. When the crops are assured they depart for *Nuvatikiobi*, "the place of the high snows," or San Francisco Mountain. After their departure come the Snake and Flute dances, among others, and all the dances up to the return of the *kachinas* are called "nine days' ceremonies," while the joyous *kachina* dances are known as the "masked dances."

All who become acquainted with the Mokis learn to respect and like them. Fortunate is the person who, before it is too late, sees under so favorable aspect their charming life in the old new world.

WALTER HOUGH.

THE SNAKE LEGEND.

The Snake dance is an elaborate prayer for rain, in which the reptiles are gathered from the fields, intrusted with the prayers of the people, and then given their liberty to bear these petitions to the divinities who can bring the blessing of copious rains to the parched and arid farms of the Hopis. It is also a dramatization of an ancient half-mythic, half-historic legend dealing with the origin and migration of the two fraternities which celebrate it, and by transmission through unnumbered generations of priests has become conventionalized to a degree, and possibly the actors themselves could not now explain the significance of every detail of the ritual. The story is of an ancestral Snake-youth, Ti'yo, who, pondering the fact that the water of the river flowed ever in the same

direction past his home without returning or filling up the gorge below, adventurously set out to ascertain what became of it. He carried with him, by paternal gift, a precious box containing some eagle's down and a variety of prayer-sticks (pahos) for presentation to the Spider-woman, the Ancient of the Six Cardinal Points, the Woman of the Hard Substance (such as turquoise, coral and shell), the Sun, and the underworld divinity who makes all the germs of life. The Spider-woman was propitiated and cordially became his counselor and guide. She prepared a liquid charm to be taken in the mouth and spurted upon angry beasts and snakes for their pacification, and perched herself invisibly on his ear. Then through the *sipapu* they plunged to the underworld. There, following floating wisps of the eagle's down, they journeyed from place to place, safely passing the great snake Gato'ya, and savage wild beast sentinels, visiting Hi'canavaiya, who determines the path of the rain-clouds, and Hi'zriingwikti, the ancient woman who every night becomes an enchanting maiden; had a smoke with Ta'wa, the Sun, and went with him to inspect the place where he rises; meeting Müiyingwuh on the way and receiving friendly assurances from that creative divinity. He rode across the sky on the Sun's shoulder and saw the whole world, and learned from his flaming charioteer that the possession most dearly to be prized was the rain-cloud. So he returned to the kiva near the great snake, and from the Snake Antelope men there learned what songs to sing, what prayer-sticks to fashion and how to paint his body, that the rain-cloud might come. The chief gave him much important paraphernalia, and two maidens who knew the charm preventing death from the bite of the rattlesnake. These maidens Tiyo took home, giving one to his younger brother, where the youthful couples took up their abode in separate kivas. At night low clouds trailed over the village, and Snake people from the underworld came from them and went into the kivas. On the following morning they were found in the valleys, transformed into reptiles of all kinds. This occurred for four days. Then (ninth morning) the Snake maidens said, "We understand this; let the younger brothers (the Snake Society) go out and bring them all in and wash their heads, and let them dance with you." This was done, and prayer-meal sprinkled upon them, and then they were carried back to the valleys, and they returned to the Snake kiva of the underworld bearing the petitions of all the people.

(Condensed from the account by J. Walter Fewkes, in Jour. Am. Ethn. and Arch., Vol. IV.)

It is only the ninth day's ceremony, the dance with the snakes, which is publicly performed.

MOKI CEREMONIES.

It will be noted that the Snake dances occur during the month of August, the date being between the 15th and 26th, and announced a few days prior to the beginning of the nine days' ceremonies, of which the dance is the public culmination. In the even years (1900, 1902, 1904, etc.) they occur at Oraibi, Shipaulovi and Sichomovi; in the odd years (1901, 1903, 1905, etc.), at Wolpi and Mishonginovi. The Flute dances, a picturesquely impressive but less exciting ceremony, occur at the above-named pueblos in years alternating with the Snake dance. For example, 1900 being the year of the Snake dance at Oraibi, the Flute dance at that pueblo will occur in 1901; and 1899 having been the year of the Snake dance at Wolpi, a Flute dance will occur there in 1900.

ROUTES TO THE MOKI PUEBLOS.

Far from being difficult of access, the Province of Tusayan is easily reached either by saddle horse or wheel conveyance from several towns on the Santa Fe Pacific Railroad, a division of the transcontinental line of the Santa Fe route. The trip can be made most conveniently by travelers to or from California as a side excursion *en route*, but the experience will amply repay a special journey across the continent. Some fatigue and lack of comforts incident to roughing it are well-nigh inseparable from such an excursion, involving as it does the traversing of from seventy to over one hundred miles of the Great American Desert, depending upon the point selected for departure from the railroad. But these very features are accounted no small part of the attractions of the trip, as lovers of outdoor life amid scenes of novel and extraordinary interest need not be

told. Indeed, if the pueblos as an objective point did not exist, a voyage into that country of extinct volcanoes and strangely sculptured and tinted rocks and mesas would be well worth the making. While the round trip from the railroad may be made in four or five days, or less if desired, it can be pleasurably prolonged indefinitely. Aside from the powerful charm exerted by this region upon all visitors, there is an invigorating tonic quality in the pure air of Arizona that is better than medicine for the overworked in the exhausting activities of city business life. Many a professional man (and woman), wearied in brain and enfeebled in body, having been solicited to make this or a similar outdoor excursion in Arizona, has complied with misgiving and returned almost miraculously restored to health and vigor. Testimony to this fact can be furnished by reference to many well-known individuals, who, were they entirely free to indulge their preferences, would every summer forego the seaside and the fashionable watering-place and return to Arizona to mount a sturdy bronco, and forget for a time the cares and conventionalities of civilized life in a simple, wholesome and joyous existence in the sunlit air of the desert.

At the stations named all needful transportation facilities are provided, whose proprietors are accustomed to convey passengers every summer to the Snake dances. A visit to the Moki pueblos may, however, be made at any season, except in midwinter, and will at any time prove richly interesting. Arrangements should be made in advance by correspondence, which may be addressed to either the local agent of the Santa Fe Route, W. J. Black, General Passenger Agent, Topeka; C. A. Higgins, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago; W. S. Keenan, General Passenger Agent, Galveston; Jno. J. Byrne, General Passenger Agent, Los Angeles; or John L. Truslow, General Agent, San Francisco.

[NOTE.— The distances given are approximate, as in some cases, particularly between the different pueblos, they depend upon whether the wagon or the horse trail is followed, the latter being shorter. The transportation charges also depend somewhat upon the size of the party. One or two persons traveling light by way of the shortest route could reach Oraibi in one day if desired. Larger or more leisurely parties would require two days, or longer by the less direct routes.]

Cañon Diablo Route.

To McAllister's Crossing	15	miles
Volz's Store, "The Fields"	17	"
Little Burro Spring	22	"
Big Burro Spring	3	"
Oraibi	16	"
	73	"
Middle Mesa	20	"
	93	"
Wolpi	10	"
	103	"

NOTE.— From "The Fields" there is a horse trail, northeasterly course, to Middle Mesa, 43 miles, and to Wolpi, 53 miles.

CHARGES.—$20 round trip, for conveyance by wagon; meals $1 each, and lodging $1 per night.

Winslow Route.

1.

To Rocky Ford Crossing	9 miles		
Junction with Cañon Diablo road north of Volz's Store	30 "		
Little Burro	20 "		
		59	miles
Oraibi	20 "		
	79 "		
Wolpi		22	"
		81	"
Wolpi to Middle Mesa		10	"
Middle Mesa to Oraibi		20	"
		111	"

2.

To Rocky Ford Crossing	9	miles
Pyramid Butte	26	"
Commoh's Spring	10	"
Touchez-de-nez (Sigenis)	25	"
Wolpi	5	"
	75	"
Middle Mesa	10	"
Oraibi	20	"
	105	

CHARGES.— Named on application. Team and driver for four should cost not to exceed $5 per day, passengers furnishing their own bedding and provisions. Winslow is provided with hotel accommodations and outfitting stores.

Holbrook Route.

To La Reaux Wash	11	miles
Well near Cottonwood Wash	6	"
Cottonwood Wash crossing	3	"
Malpais Spring	13	"
Bittahoochee	7	"
Tonnael Malpais Spring	12	"
Jeditoh Valley Spring	22	"
Keam's Cañon	6	"
Wolpi	10	"
	90	"
Middle Mesa	10	"
Oraibi	20	"
	120	"

CHARGES.—$15 round trip, for conveyance by wagon, passengers providing their own camp outfit and provisions. Holbrook has good livery and hotel accommodations, and stores.

Flagstaff Route.

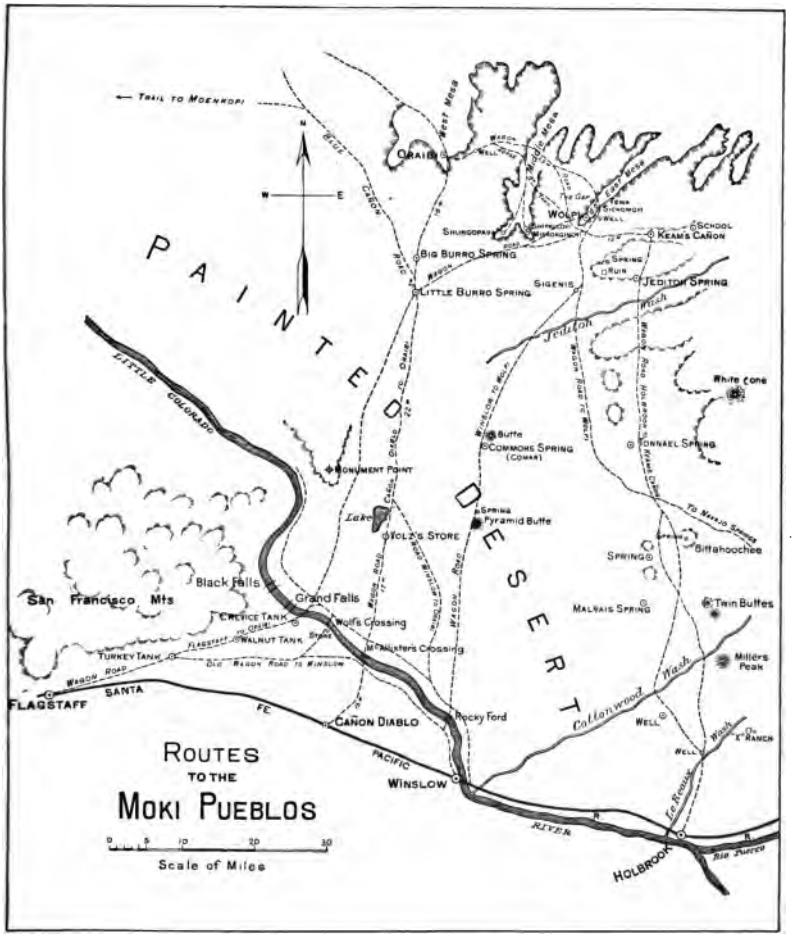
To Turkey Tanks	19	miles
Grand Falls Crossing	22	"
Little Burro	45	"
Oraibi	18	"
	104	"
Middle Mesa	20	"
Wolpi	10	"
	134	"

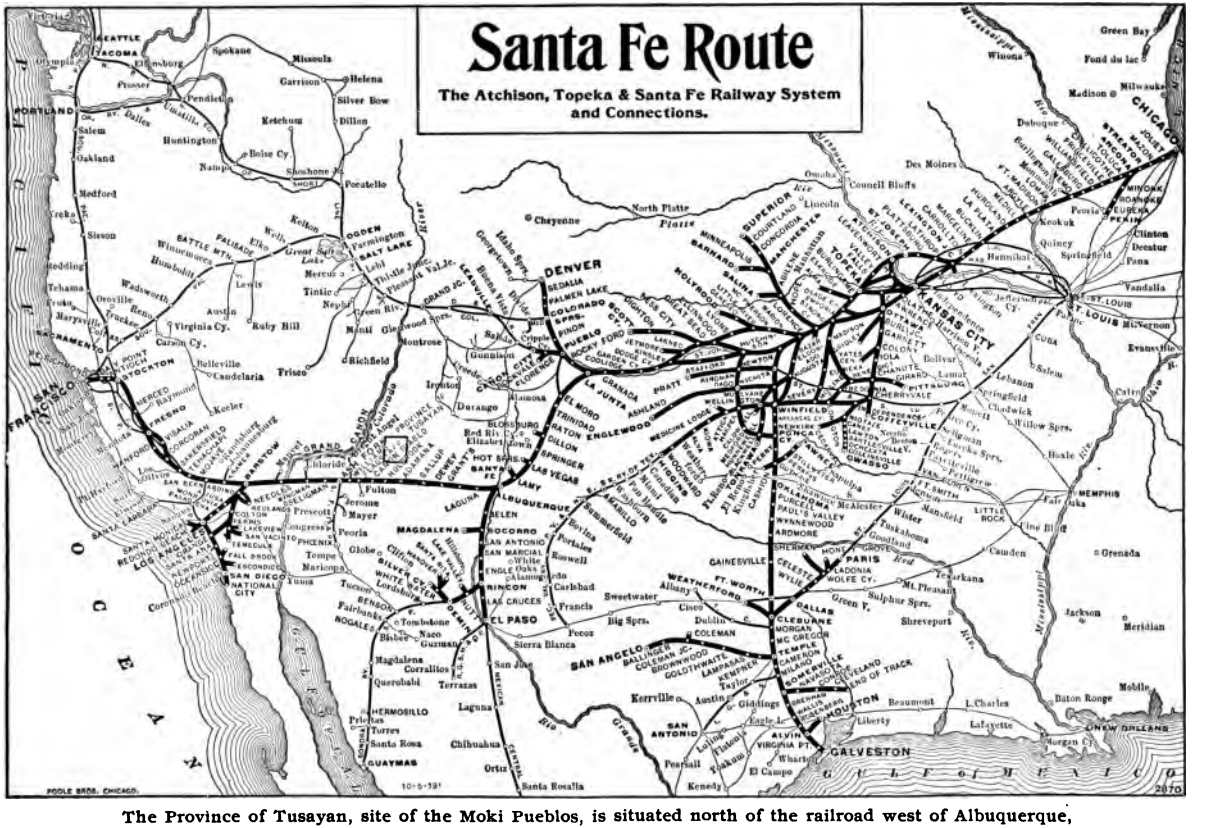
CHARGES.— For wagon conveyance, $25 round trip. Board $3 per day, and lodging $1 per night. Or passengers may provide their own outfit and provisions and arrange with liverymen for transportation only. Hotel accommodations, livery and stores at Flagstaff are excellent.

It is also practicable to make the trip from Gallup. This route is not shown on map herein, but is reported to be as below :

To Rock Spring Store	9	miles
Hay Stack Store	12	"
(Fort Defiance, 9 miles north.)		
Cienega	5	"
Bear Tank (water 1½ miles north)	20	"
Cotton & Hubbell's Store (Gañada)	11	"
Eagle Crag (water 1½ miles north)	23	"
Steamboat Cañon (water 3 miles north)	8	"
Keam's Cañon School	18	"
Keam's Cañon Store	2	"
Wolpi	10	"
	118	"
Middle Mesa	10	"
Oraibi	20	"
	148	"

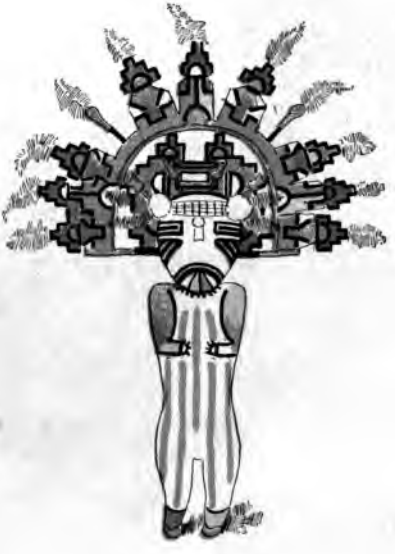
CHARGES.—Named on application.


← TRAIL TO MOENKOPI
PAINTED DESERT
LITTLE COLORADO
GRAIB
WOLP
SHUNGOPAVI
SCHOOL
KEAM'S CAÑON
Big Burro Spring
Little Burro Spring
SIGENIS
JEDITOH SPRING
Jeditoh
White Cone
Butte
COMMONS SPRING (COMM)
TONNAEL SPRING
MONUMENT POINT
Lake
WOLZ'S STORE
Pyramid Butte
To Moenkopi
Gilfahoochee
SPRING
Black Falls
San Francisco Mts
Grand Falls
CHEVICE TANK
Wolf's Crossing
MALPAIS SPRING
Twin Buttes
WALNUT TANK
TURKEY TANK
McALISTERS CROSSING
Millers Peak
Old Wagon Road to Winslow
FLAGSTAFF
SANTA FE
CAÑON DIABLO
Rocky Ford
Cottonwood Wash
WELL
L. RANCH
PACIFIC
WINSLOW
Little Colorado River
HOLBROOK
Big Puerco
ROUTES
TO THE
MOKI PUEBLOS
Scale of Miles



The Province of Tusayan, site of the Moki Pueblos, is situated north of the railroad west of Albuquerque, and is thus indicated: □

THE·HENRY·
O·SHEPARD·
CO·
CHICAGO



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